than 100 yards. If one end of the cells be closed, they return a powerful echo; but although a whisper is thus distinctly repeated, the loudest whistle does not appear capable of returning any echo."

We have only left ourselves space to say, that Mr. Edwin Clark has proved, by the publication of the elaborate and comprehensive work before us, that Mr. Stephenson had, at all events, one zealous assistant, competent as well as willing, to carry out his intentions and advance his interests.

ON LINEAL EXPRESSION AND ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN.*

That ornament should suit itself to the general character of the building is easily allowed. However, it should not only serve a purpose in this respect, but also have a meaning in itself. Yet how does the case stand? At the entrance of our modern buildings would the spectator find cause in this regard to suspect himself in England or in a northern or Christian country at all? Grecian games—Roman triumphs—heathen sacrifices and symbols—to the people dead and unmeaning, to the instructed offensive and absurd. Does our past afford us no scope for sculptured ornament? Have we not our ancient mythology, our times of romance, our history, our legends, our literature, our present, dull only to the dull? It is true we have got rid of the heads of sacrificial oxen, Jupiter's thunderbolts, and the grosser cases of anomalous sculpture, but much, too much yet remains: we may have divested ourselves of the toga, but we still strut about in the Phrygian cap or Roman sandal.

This is as truly the fault of the sculptor as of the architect, if not more. In the same way as the architect has allowed the engineer to encroach on his prerogative, has the sculptor allowed the architect to encroach on his. The sculptor should attend more to the benefit which architecture might afford him, and the charm which he has it in his power to give her, as exemplified by all ages except our own. This fault is now, however, being remedied, and as the sculptor is becoming more employed on buildings, we should earnestly impress on him, the scope which the history, literature, and custom of our country afford him for the exercise of his fancy, the following out of which principle renders Gothic sculpture a book as it were in which all may read, be delighted, and instructed, and makes the sculpture of the ancients, besides its other merits, a valuable source of information to us, and the study of *literati*.

In the perception of this do the French vastly excel us; but the very boldness with which they apply modern subjects to ancient forms, as in the Arc de l'Etoile and the Madeleine, for instance, should act as a caution to us to go not over fast: it is enough to commence the change, and it will glide on easily and agreeably into the fact of an entirely different system from that whence it sprang.

The Gothic imitator is better and worse off in this respect than the ordinary practitioner. One period of our history and literature he can call express, but out of that every thing becomes distorted and false, as in some diseases of the eye, where all colours are seen as though of one unchangeable hue.

Bigots, in any style, are the propagators of what is false, and are equally wrong in making George the Fourth riding almost naked and without reins, and in turning Victoria into the wife of Henry the Fourth. It is not that this or that thing is incapable of application, although it may be difficult, the power of so applying lies in the artist, not in the object. Does any one suppose that the human beings and graceful drapery of the Grecian friezes, &c., are representations of national fact? Does any one really suppose that there was this monotony of perfect beauty? Have we not heard of Socrates, of Thersites, of Diogenes, of Æsop? It was, however, the sculptor's business to suit his work to its continent form, and well has it been effected.

Do we fancy that the figures and dresses of the middle ages were so invariably picturesque as they are shown, or so charming in their angular quaintness; was dress never in disorder; was ornament universal; were all cloaks made of that material which is best calculated to fall in sharp, small, and angular folds? Assuredly there was scope for diversity of treatment; but, again, it was the sculptor's object to suit his work to the picturesqueness of its setting, and it is done with a success in no way inferior to the other.

Neither the one nor the other, however, speak of the last 200 years of English life, they are the glory and exponents of the past,—but it is for the sculptor of the day to embody the spirit of the day, which is the spirit of the whole national history; it is not this dress or that, but the energy, the inventiveness, the religion, the literature, the genius of an imperishable race, extending in range from its savage down to its present civilised state; and here let us take to heart the words of an eloquent American philosopher, Emerson. "Beauty must come back to the useful arts, and the distinction between the fine and useful arts be forgotten. If history were truly told, if life were nobly spent, it would be no longer easy or possible to distinguish the one from the other." "Beauty will not come at the call of a legislature, nor will it repeat in England or America its history in Greece. It will come as always unannounced, and spring up between the feet of brave and earnest men."

Architecture is as much a fine as a useful art, and affords scope for the highest application of the sculptor's imagination: not only, then, should the additional charm of sculpture be sought, but we should seek that particular class of character which suits the corresponding character of the nation, and for this reason I cannot but regard the *beauty* of ancient Greece or Rome as partially unfitted to our national perception.

The northern races are, and have always been, distinguished for their perception of the fanciful, the picturesque, the irregular, the original, the strongly marked; it is shown in their literature, their architecture, their painting, music, sculpture, legends, and history; it bears no analogy to the genius of the south; it is no deficiency, but a difference of perception which marks them. And those who labour on half despondingly to evoke the spirit of beauty in the people, must first of all educate and train them into a just appreciation of it, for slightly does it enter into their national character. The heart that bounds, or the eye that glistens, at the merry or plaintive strains of a correspondingly tuned music, remains unmoved at the most regular, normal, and merely beautiful composition of a disposition foreign in its expression to his nature; and I have seen men to whom all the wonders of Grecian and Roman sculpture were little better than dolls, who had no perception of art as art, stand enchained and delighted before the rough but fanciful ornament of a sculptured Gothic tomb. It is very usual to run down the English as dull and slow in the perception and love of art, as a nation; but are those who complain of this sure that they touch the right chord of the national feeling? Are they not drumming Homer or Sophocles into the ears of those who, dull and irresponsive to the lesson, yet feel strongly and passionately the irregular but corresponding charms of a Shakspeare or an old balladist? Do they not seek to make exclusively attached to cloudless skies, calm seas, and perennial springs, those in whom the power of the storm, and the gloom of the mist, the roaring of the restless ocean, and the wildness of the mountain path, are a love and a delight? They speak to us in a language we understand not, and complain of our stupidity in not answering. Now that the language in which they would always address us begins, by most intense application, to be understood, they look around with satisfaction, and hug themselves with the idea that the Beautiful is taking root and overspreading the land. But I feel convinced, that whilst a Gothic monument, a single ballad, an old sword-hilt, or a broken lectern, exists, there exists also the hiding-place of a power, the true sovereign and genius of the people, which will at the proper moment, and in due time, rise like one of the native heroes of the past, and keep the stranger in subjection to its sway.

It is for this reason that the sculpture of a building should address the natural feeling of the nation, and speak to them, not only in a language which they can understand, but of facts with which they are most likely to be acquainted.

As regards the proper points of decoration, we may see that all junctions and angles are more legitimately such. This is the case in Grecian, Roman, Norman, and Early Gothic; also the Tuscan palaces, in some of which the angle wall has especially been studied. In the Roman palaces, the same is seen in the angle rustication, where an ornamental appearance is more particularly sought. I cannot but think that the decoration should be confined to the principal features—the doors, windows, strings, and cornice—for the massiveness or strength of the building is retained by the breadth of the plain interspaces, and the eye more agreeably runs over the ornamental character of the mass in perspective, and can study each feature separately and understandedly. As examples of this system, one might remark, the earliest palatial buildings of the north of Italy; the terra cotta palaces of Ferrara and Bologna; the town-hall of Piacenza; the hospital, Milan; the Podesta's house, Orvieto, and Norman architecture, generally; whilst the effect produced by distributing the decoration more equally over the whole surface, is to be seen in the later periods of Gothic art; in many Elizabethan buildings; in the town-hall, Seville, the monasteries of Valladolid, and in Spanish architecture, generally (of the revival); and in Italian cinque cento, at the Doge's palace, and palazzo Trevisano, Venice; and the Certosa, Pavia: in all these, the greater or less quantity of work applied throughout the surface renders them (however admirable

* See p. 400, ante.

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